

Christ was baptized by immersion, and ecclesiastical jugglery can not change nor weaken the truth. He never was a priest of the Mosaic law, never was intended to be, and never will be. He was a priest after the order of Melchisedek, without beginning or ending, and as such he was immersed by John in Jordan, not because it was necessary as an ordination service, but as He explained to John, permit it now, for thus it is becoming us to establish every ordinance. This is why Christ was baptized of John, not because he needed it as a function of ordination for his work, but to establish or confirm the ordinance that John introduced, and show that it was a part of his works.

POLYCRATES.

Children's Department.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee—
Nothing, child, to ease the pain;
When God sent thee first to bless us—
Proud, and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.

Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has kept both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou should'st perish early—
Starve so soon, my darling one—
Than in helpless sin and sorrow

Vainly live as I have done;
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless—
Reckless, hopeless, as my own.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger;
And my brain is all oppressed,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.

Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his heaven,

Where no pain or want can be.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;

God is good, but life is dreary.
Such the plaint that late and early
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us; but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!
Listen, nearer, while he sings,
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

—By Adelaide Proctor.

Church Advocate.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR. CONSECRATION SERVICES.

WRAY, COLO., Jan. 28, 1894.

Consecration means set apart for the worship of God. For instance certain houses are consecrated for holy purposes, as Sunday school, Church or Christian Endeavor. Such houses are called churches.

The Junior Christian Endeavor has a rule or by-law which says that at the end of every second month we should hold a consecration meeting. At this meeting every boy or girl has an opportunity to consecrate himself or herself anew to God's worship. As the secretary calls the roll, each member rises in his seat and responds to his name by reading or quoting a verse of scripture, or reading a selection, or suggesting a hymn.

Before this meeting closed it was decided that at our next meeting every member should bring something to a poor family that lives up the canyon that would be of use to them, either as food or clothing, or some good papers for them to read. I would like to hear the report of other Junior Endeavors or Junior Kings Children through the EVANGELIST.

ROY LICHTY, SEC.

Well, Roy, you get right down to business. You have heeded our request to write with pen and ink and on lines wide apart, leaving us plenty of room to make such corrections as are necessary before putting it in the hands of the compositor. We wonder if our little letter writers know what we mean by "compositor." If not go to a printing office and ask the editor or foreman

BUCKEYE CITY, OHIO. Feb. 12, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I have seen so

many letters on the children's page I thought I would write one to help it along. One week when I was looking through the paper I saw that it was full, and the next week there were only one or two. Now let us all write.

My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Sophia Ross. We like her very much. My oldest brother is superintendent of the Brethren Sunday school. The young people of Buckeye City have organized a young people's society of Christian Endeavor, with thirteen members. It is held at the Brethren church every two weeks. J. M. Bowman is our minister. There was a deep snow on the ground, and it rained and sleeted and made it bad weather. Stephen was the first christian Martyr.

Miss Nellie C. Ross.

We remember you, Nellie, and the pleasant home you have. We are glad you have started in the good work of writing for the EVANGELIST. You have obeyed our instructions to write with pen and ink and only on every other line of the paper. We wish you and all the other letter writers would tell us the best thing your pastors tell in each of their sermons. If they see you taking notes of their sermons they will be pleased and preach better; for it flatters a minister to see persons in the audience writing down the things which he says.

LATTASBURG, OHIO. Feb. 11, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my second attempt to write for the children's column. I like to read the children's letters. I'm eleven years old. I go to school nearly every day. I study reading, spelling, writing, geography, language and arithmetic. My teacher's name is Fred Lehman. We all like him well; he has taught our school two winters. We will only have three more weeks of school this term. We have no Sunday school this winter, but will organize again in April. We have preaching every Sunday. Bro. William Kieffer is our pastor, we all like him. Papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We had no protracted meeting yet, but hope we can have soon.

WILLIE MARTIN.

This is quite a newsy letter. Let us have one like it every month.